ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CENTENARY

1809 1909

Program of Exercises

WASHINGTON, D. C.
OSBORN H. OLDROYD
1908

SIXTH EDITION.

THE CENTENARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809—1909

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

IN COMMEMORATION OF THAT EVENT

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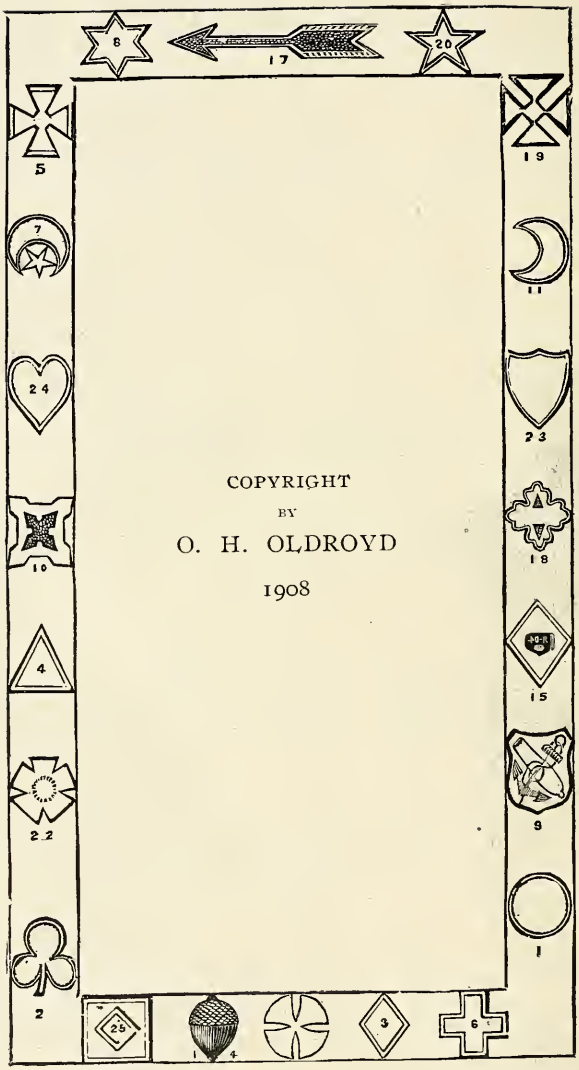

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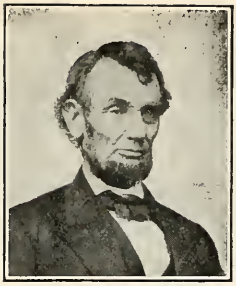


PREFACE.

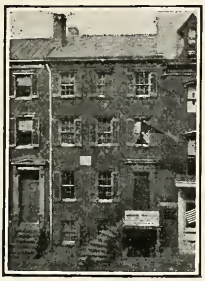
A Century will have passed on the 12th of February, 1909, since the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and suitable arrangements ought to be made to commemorate such an important anniversary.

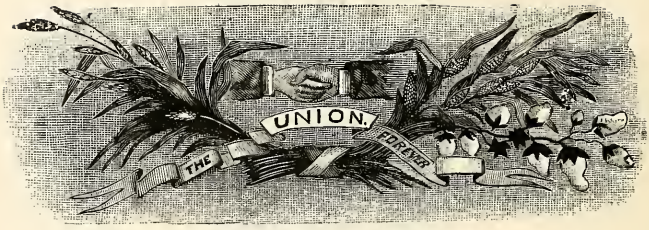
No American in history is so close to the hearts of the American people. The observance of this Centennial should be made popular throughout the United States, for Lincoln alone, of all the mighty group of which he was the central figure, died mourned by South as well as North.

I bespeak for this Program, which contains so much patriotism and material, all of which will have a decided tendency to add additional fervor to our already exalted opinion of Lincoln, a large circulation among Grand Army Posts, Womans' Relief Corps, Public and Private Schools, and all patriotic and charitable societies and institutions in our broad land.

OSBORN H. OLDROYD.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED.
City of Washington, 1908.





..PROGRAM..

1.—CALLING THE MEETING TO ORDER by the Chairman.

2.—PRAYER.

3.—AMERICA—By the Audience.

WORDS BY SAMUEL F. SMITH.

First sung at a children's meeting at Boston, July 4, 1832.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God our King.

4.—THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN

The early life of LINCOLN gives no suggestion of his subsequent prominence. His parents were among the poorest of the settlers of a sterile section of the State of Kentucky; it was necessary for them to work hard and live cheaply; their children had to do the same.

During his boyhood ABRAHAM LINCOLN was very popular among the simple hard-working pioneers. He had a kind heart and could sympathize with any person in trouble, even with beasts and birds. He was intolerant of any injustice and was a true Knight, although he wore blue-jean trousers. This sympathy for others grew. Once he heard some birds uttering plaintive sounds, and discovered that a birdling had fallen from its nest; although in great haste, he took time to climb the tree and replace the bird. Similar incidents of his gentle nature are numerous and show why he was so popular as a boy, and in later years became a most popular man. Robert Burns was a popular boy. Why? Read his "Lines to a meadow mouse" which he had accidentally ploughed out of the ground. Henry Havelock was a popular boy. Why? Because he was chivalrous. He led boys at school in the same high spirit as he afterward led the English army in India.

LINCOLN, although powerful in mind and body, attended school less than one year during his entire life. He had not time. He had to add the pittance earned by his strong, young arms to family living, which was poor enough even then. Yet with this slight education as a beginning, he continued to grow in strength and wisdom. He studied at night, having no other time, figuring on the backs of wooden shovels, slabs and boards, with charcoal, having no other light than that of a flickering fire in the old-fashioned fireplace. Perhaps it was the memory of his own neglected childhood that in later years made him so kind and considerate of those about him. Even the lowest of animals called forth his tender sympathy. Through myriad trials and disappointments, onward and upward from lowliest childhood to leadership of a great and powerful Nation, his entire life says "courage, courage," to every boy and girl.

When ABRAHAM LINCOLN was eight years of age his father moved to the State of Indiana, and in this new home the little boy, who was afterward to become the leading citizen of the Nation, slept for months upon a hard mud floor. Skins of animals were hung at the doors and over the windows, and these were the only protection from the cold winter winds.

The days of young LINCOLN in Indiana were spent in hard work when it was to be had. He was a poor boy looking out for a job, and anything that earned an honest living was good enough for him. He pulled corn for the neighbors, he split rails, the same as hundreds of other boys; ran a flatboat about three months for a neighbor. No one in that section of the country at that time imagined that young LINCOLN would make his mark some day; but after he became President of the United States you couldn't find a man in Spencer County who hadn't eaten mush out of the same pot and with the same spoon as "ABE" LINCOLN.

When he was nine years of age he had the misfortune to lose his good mother by death, which was his first great sorrow. LINCOLN was tenderly devoted to his mother. Whatever was bright in the earlier life of young LINCOLN came to him through his mother. She read the Bible to him, and of this book in after years he said: "In regard to the great Book I have only to say that it is the best gift that God has given man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us

through this Book. But for this Book we could not know right from wrong." LINCOLN said once, "All I have and am I owe to my mother."

Happily for the two LINCOLN children, their father's second choice of a wife fell upon Mrs. Sallie Johnson, a widow, who brought brightness and comfort with her into the humble home. She came as an angel of light to the two motherless children, and her coming was attended by rays of real sunshine which entered into their young lives.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN earned his first dollar when about eighteen years of age, by taking two men and their trunks by boat out to a steamer in the Mississippi River, for which they gave him a silver half dollar each. Mr. LINCOLN afterward said: "I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. It was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

The LINCOLN family bade adieu to their Indiana home in 1830 and started on a two weeks' journey across great hills, swamps, and through dense forests, until they reached a spot on the Sangamon River, in the State of Illinois. Here a log cabin was built, and LINCOLN then split the rails that afterward enclosed and surrounded the cabin and ten acres of ground. A little later he became of age, and left this home to go forth into the world and battle for himself. His rail-splitting days were drawing to a close, and the larger duties of life began to open before him.

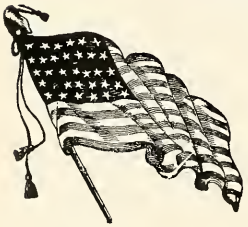
Charles Sumner says: "These rails have become classical in our history, and the name of 'railsplitter' has been more than the degree of a college. Not that the splitting of rails is especially meritorious, but because the people are proud to trace aspiring talent to humble beginnings, and because they found in their tribute a new opportunity for vindicating the dignity of free labor."

LINCOLN'S strong common sense, undaunted patriotism and wise statesmanship have left an impress on our institutions which will never be effaced so long as this is Freedom's throne.

While the Ship of State was buffeting the fierce storms, he stood calm as Columbus, disregarding the clamors of the discontented, and, with compass in hand, measured with steady glance wind and sail, and steered toward the peaceful haven of Union and Freedom.

5.—SONG—THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

WORDS BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.



Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses!
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner! O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

6.—RECITATION—Oh! Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

"There is a poem," said LINCOLN, "which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would give a good deal to know who wrote it, but I never have been able to ascertain." Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated the verses.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
The flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the mem'ry of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same streams, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come ;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay, they died. We things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

7.—WHAT MADE LINCOLN GREAT.

What made LINCOLN great ? He was ever actuated by a desire to do just right, leaving the consequences to God. He had, in a very remarkable degree, that "hard common sense" by means of which he could detect the most subtle sophistry and penetrate the deepest disguise. He was called upon to meet the greatest issues ever presented to the American people, but he grappled with National questions of the gravest concern. It required the exercise of more wisdom and the test of greater courage than ever before in the history of our Nation.

His youth, spent in the solitude of the forest, had much to do with making ABRAHAM LINCOLN great. It was a rude school, but it was there that his sturdy, bold and independent character was formed, and it was there that he acquired his wonderful insight into the great heart of the common people which made him their chosen leader. He was placed in that rude hut only to be called in future years to guide the American people through a dark and bloody war. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was great because he was good. From his boyhood he had endeavored to be faithful to every duty of the hour. He tried to discover what was really right and to hold fast to it He was eager for truth in every instance, and what, in justice, should be done concerning every matter. In every doubtful instance he became the advocate of that cause which his conscience and his principles told him should prevail. He was humble in spirit ; willing to profit by the advice of others ; ready to atone for a fault or error if he had committed one, and, above all, he was pious

enough and brave enough to acknowledge his dependence on the merciful and mighty God, whose goodness many men are only too apt to forget when they become prosperous and powerful.

The chief attribute of LINCOLN'S greatness was, perhaps, the readiness with which he could see and grasp the right, coupled with his heroic sturdiness to go forward in the pathway of duty. When once fixed in his mind what that duty was, no power on earth could make him deviate one jot or tittle from his line of policy; yet he was too honest to have an atom of self-esteem or to think that he was infallible. Upon any question he was ever open to conviction by argument, and, if the views presented by others were obviously better than his own, he was quick to acknowledge the fact and equally quick to commend. ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not believe in the frequent assertion that "might makes right." He was firm as a rock, and possessed of unequaled moral courage, which enabled him to perform conscientiously every duty devolving upon him, although many times his great heart was troubled; yet his life was greatly sweetened with that gentle, tender, yearning sympathy for others which was characteristic of the man and which guided all his movements through life.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was also great in that he possessed the faculty of expressing more in fewer words than almost any man of contemporaneous period. As an instance of this peculiar quality an incident which occurred during the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg may be mentioned. Hon. Edward Everett was orator of the day, and swayed his great audience at his will by his eloquence. At the conclusion of his address he was heartily congratulated by Mr. LINCOLN, to whom he replied: "Ah, Mr. President, gladly would I exchange my entire hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines." That gem of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S will ever grow brighter and brighter in its luster.

LINCOLN was also great because he was so richly blessed with a spirit of forgiveness rarely seen except in the lives of those who wholly bury self and accept as their guide the gentle and loving Saviour, who cried out in His agony on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Weighted as he was with the momentous questions, labors and complications which constantly beset him, he never permitted himself to become so weary in well doing that he failed in any instance to extend sympathy and mercy to those who called upon him in their distress.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S deeds will live in every home where the children are taught to speak his praise, and they will weave his name in poetry and in rich music.

He ardently loved his whole country; hating no one, yearning to see the restoration of the Union, and fervently prayed that the former good will and good humor return to bless the land.

Possessing the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a woman, he combined in his nature all the sterner qualities of the perfect man. He was a close observer of men, measures and events, and to a discriminating mind, which led to a correct judgment, was added a consciousness of the right, and a moral courage to perform it, which enabled him to execute his honest convictions. Some men at his very side chided him for *slowness*, but this apparently did not quicken his action, while others, equally near him in influence, rebuked him for haste, but this availed nothing toward checking his onward progress.

8.—SONG—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Air—"John Brown."

As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe while a prisoner in Libby, after hearing Old Ben (the colored paper-seller in Richmond) cry out: "*Great news by the telegraph! Great battles at Gettsburg! Union soldiers gain the day!*" Upon hearing such glorious news Chaplain McCabe sung this soul-stirring hymn, all the prisoners joining heartily in the chorus, making the old prison walls ring "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword;
His truth is marching on.—Chorus.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—Chorus.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God marching on."—Chorus.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.—Chorus.

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, *let us die to make men free*,
While God is marching on.—Chorus.

9.—RECITATION—O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By Walt Whitman.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But, O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck You're fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still:
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck—my Captain lies Fallen cold and dead.

10.—RECITATION—(Five Persons.)

No. 1.

With hair disordered and unkept,
With looks and dress severely plain
From any charge of style exempt
Shall we e'er see his like again?

No. 2.

Walked he among his fellow men
With awkward and ungainly gait,
He was in looks most glorious, when
Holding so firm the helm of state.

No. 3.

Though long and large his bony hand
It penned the edict grand that gave
Freedom to all throughout the land,
Struck every fetter from the slave.

No. 4.

No love had he for courts and kings,
For emptiness and show combined,
But sought the excellence that springs
From grander domain of the mind.

No. 5.

That furrowed brow and careworn face
Stamped him as one of high degree,
In realm of thought, commanding place
Closely akin to Deity.

11.—SONG—NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

LOWELL MASON.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

12.—BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married on the 12th day of June, 1806, near Beechland, Kentucky. They lived in a small house at Elizabethtown, and in 1807 a daughter was born to them who was called Sarah.

The next year they removed to a small farm situated on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what was at that time Hardin and is now La-Rue County, three miles from Hodgensville, and it was in this solitary cabin that stood in a desolate spot on this farm that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born on the 12th day of February, 1809. Four years later another move was made, to a place more picturesque and of far greater fertility. It was located six miles from Hodgensville, on Knob Creek, which flowed into the Rolling Fork. In 1816 Thomas Lincoln finally determined to emigrate, so made the journey through an almost untrodden wilderness, reaching a point about a mile and a half east of the village of Gentryville, Indiana. After living in a "half-faced camp," a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth, they deserted this poor excuse for a cabin for one of rough logs. In the year 1818 a mysterious disease, called by some "milk sickness," swept away many of the cattle which

had furnished the necessary milk, as well as many of the people who had drank it. Among these was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, which left ABRAHAM and his sister Sarah motherless. Thirteen months later Thomas Lincoln went to Elizabethtown, where he married Sally Bush Johnson, who had rejected him before his marriage to Nancy Hanks. This new mother brought into the cabin a goodly supply of household goods, and the two children were soon snugly nestled in the warm beds, for the first time in their lives.

ABRAHAM'S sister was married at the age of eighteen years, and died one year later. In the spring of 1830 the Lincoln family removed to Illinois and settled near Decatur in that State.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who had at this time reached the age of twenty-one years, arrived at the conclusion that it was about time for him to start in life on his own account. It cost him much sorrow, however, to be compelled to leave his good stepmother, who had proved herself a true mother to him. In the spring of 1831 LINCOLN, with the aid of John Hanks and John Johnson, constructed a flatboat for Denton Offutt, who loaded it with barrels of pork, hogs and a quantity of corn, which cargo the three men rafted down the Sangamon river to its junction with the Illinois river; down the latter stream to its junction with the Mississippi, until reaching New Orleans, Louisiana. For this service the men were to receive fifty cents per day while on the trip, and twenty dollars each upon arrival at their destination. This was the second trip of the kind that LINCOLN had made, and Offutt was glad to secure his services at this time. Later LINCOLN located at New Salem, a small village about twenty-five miles north of Springfield, Illinois, where he gained some renown as captain of a company during the Blackhawk War in 1832, after which experience he was appointed postmaster, still later becoming a surveyor and afterward a general storekeeper.

In the latter part of that year he was defeated as a candidate for the Illinois State legislature by Peter Cartright, a prominent Methodist pioneer preacher, who was a Democrat. However, in the year 1834 LINCOLN was elected to this office, and reëlected for three successive terms thereafter. While living at New Salem LINCOLN made a number of trips afoot to Springfield in order to borrow law books, which were kindly loaned him by Mr. John T. Stuart. After his removal to Springfield, in 1837, he was admitted to the bar, and the same year became associated with Mr. Stuart in the practice of law, which relations continued until the 14th day of April, 1841.

He was afterward associated with Stephen T. Logan until 1845, and soon afterward formed a co-partnership with William H. Herndon, which was only terminated by the death of Mr. LINCOLN.

On the 4th day of November, 1842, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was united in marriage to Miss Mary Todd, of Kentucky. There were born to them four sons—Robert T., born August 1, 1843; Edward Baker, born March 10, 1846, died February 1, 1850; William Wallace, born December 21, 1850, died at the White House, Washington, D. C., February 20, 1862; Thomas ("Tad"), born April 4, 1853, died at the Clifton House, Chicago, Illinois, July 15, 1871.

Mrs. Lincoln died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, at Springfield, Illinois, on the 16th day of July, 1882. The only surviving son of ABRAHAM LINCOLN is Robert T., who resides at Chicago, Illinois, and is President of the Pullman Company.

In the year 1846 Mr. LINCOLN was elected to Congress—Peter Cart-

wright, who had defeated him for the Legislature in 1832, being his competitor before the people for election. At the close of his term in Congress Mr. LINCOLN resumed the practice of law. His love for justice and fair play was the predominating trait in his character. It was not in his nature to assume or to bolster up a false position. He would abandon his case first. Probably the happiest portion of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S life was in traveling over his circuit, which comprised fourteen counties. He, with other lawyers, traveled over this territory twice in every year, and it was during these pilgrimages that he "cracked" his jokes, told his famous stories, met the people and was heartily greeted by them.

When Mr. LINCOLN first began to "ride the circuit" he was too poor to own a horse, and was compelled to borrow from his friends, but in due time he became owner of a horse which he fed and groomed himself. On this horse he would set out from home to be gone for weeks at a time, with no other baggage than a pair of saddle-bags containing a change of linen. The lawyers were at all times glad to see him.

In his debates with Stephen A. Douglass in 1858 Mr. LINCOLN earned an enviable reputation as a popular debater which was never denied. In connection with his speech before Cooper Institute, New York City, on February 27, 1860, *The New York Tribune* said: "The tones, the gestures, the kindling eye and the mirth-provoking look defy the reporters' skill. No man ever before made so deep an impression upon his first appeal to a New York audience." Mr. LINCOLN closed his speech with these words: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

He awoke the next morning to find himself famous. That speech prepared the way for his nomination as President of the United States, which came to him on the eighteenth day of May, 1860, and to which great office he was triumphantly elected on the sixth day of November of that year.

On the 11th day of February, 1861, with his family and a number of personal friends, ABRAHAM LINCOLN left his home at Springfield for Washington, D. C., there to preside over the destinies of a great Nation during years fraught with tremendous importance to the Ship of State. There were most pathetic scenes at the station when he bade "good bye" to his friends and neighbors. He fully realized the many difficulties and dangers confronting him when he said "And I hope that you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." As always, he was sustained by his trust in God and by the prayers of the people which he had thus solicited.

On his journey to Washington he was everywhere received with demonstrations of loyalty such as had seldom before been displayed to man. He addressed the assembled populace at the capital cities of the States of Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and at many of the chief inland towns and villages. His speech at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was most eloquent and impressive, and was delivered on the 22d day of February. He arrived at Washington on the succeeding day and was inaugurated President of the United States on the 4th day of March, 1861. He was serving his second term of four years when he was shot in Ford's Theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth on the night of the 14th day of April, 1865. He was carried across the street to the "Petersen" home, No. 516 Tenth Street, where he died at twenty-

two minutes after seven o'clock the succeeding morning. The body of the martyr President was borne to the White House, and, after lying in state in the "East room" and later at the Capitol, was taken from Washington on the 21st day of April, 1865, stopping at eight places enroute and finally arriving at Springfield, Illinois, on the 3d day of May, 1865.

On the following day the funeral ceremonies were conducted at Oak Ridge Cemetery, and there the remains of the martyr were laid at rest.

Nothing should be omitted or neglected to perpetuate his fame and memory, and to keep his name ever before succeeding generations of his countrymen. Many of his utterances have become classics, and the unstudied oration at Gettysburg November 19, 1863, has been translated into all the civilized languages as an enduring example of pure diction and exalted patriotism.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," this mighty force moved serenely toward fame's pinnacle, himself unconscious of his growing greatness. The little lad with his charcoal and pine slabs learned by his pine-knot fire that endurance, patience and fortitude which in maturity expanded into the mighty man, LINCOLN.

13.—SONG—TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WALTER KITTREDGE. ARRANGED BY M. F. H. SMITH.

If convenient, turn down the lights while singing.

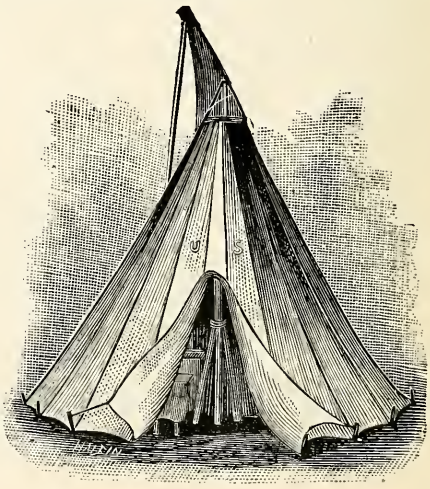
We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.—Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of loved ones at home who gave us the hand
And the tear that said good-bye.—CHORUS.

We're tired of the war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who have left their homes;
Others been wounded long.—CHORUS.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground;
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.—CHORUS.



14.—RECITATION—(Five persons).

No. 1.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the Nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.—U. S. GRANT.

No. 2.

The grave that receives the remains of LINCOLN receives a costly sacrifice to the Union ; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union ; his endearing memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country.—GEORGE BANCROFT.

No. 3.

Mothers shall teach his name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate his virtues. Statesmen shall study his record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though his lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is his voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy.—MATTHEW SIMPSON.

No. 4.

Oh! Illinois, we took him from your midst, an untried man from among the people. Behold, we return him a mighty conqueror. Not thine, but the Nation's; not ours, but the world's! Give him place, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No. 5.

Now all men begin to see that the plain people, who at last came to love him and to lean upon his wisdom and to trust him absolutely, were altogether right, and that in deed and purpose he was earnestly devoted to the welfare of the whole country and of all its inhabitants.—RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

15.—TOAST TO THE FLAG.

BY W. B. NESBIT.

Your Flag, and my Flag,
  And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
  And half a world away.
Rose red and blood red
  Its stripes forever gleam,
Soul white and snow white,
  The good forefathers' dream.
Sky blue and true blue,
  With stars to gleam aright
A gloried guidon in the day,
  A shelter through the night.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
  And Oh, how much it holds
Your land and my land
  Secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart
  Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun kissed and wind tossed,
  The red and blue and white.
The one Flag, the great Flag,
  The Flag for me and you.—
Glorified all else beside,
  The Red and White and Blue.

16.—SONG—THE VACANT CHAIR.

WORDS BY HENRY S. WASHBURN. MUSIC BY G. F. ROOT.

(Used by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.)

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of thestory
How our noble brother fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight
And upheld our country's honor
In the strength of manhood's might.—CHORUS.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart strings now.
Sleep, today, O early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.
—CHORUS

LEAD THOU US ON.

BY ISABEL WORRELL BALL.

Lead, glorious Flag, encircled by our love,
Lead thou us on—
Tho' skies grow dark, and stars be hid above,
Lead thou us on.
Keep thou our hearts, our footsteps guard and guide,
In peace with thee may all earth's flags abide.
For thy red stripes heart's blood hath poured like rain.
Yet lead us on—
A million men for thy bright stars were slain,
Yet lead us on.
Lead now to peace, for brighter light appears.
Lead, glorious Flag, thro' all the coming years!

17.—RECITATION—(Six Persons).

No. 1.

His name will ever be in the hearts of the American people, as green, as fresh, and as pleasant as is to the eyes the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.—GEN. MORGAN DIX.

No. 2.

He did not seek to say merely the thing that was for the day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice.—JAMES G. BLAINE.

No. 3.

He spoke to all mankind words of patriotism, admonition and pathos which will continue to sound through the ages as long as the flowers shall bloom or the waters flow.—ALEXANDER H. RICE.

No. 4.

No man could have endured so much without some recreation, and humor was to him what a safety valve is to an engine.—HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

No. 5.

The unwavering faith in a divine Providence began at his mother's knee, and ran like a thread of gold through all the inner experiences of his life.—J. G. HOLLAND.

No. 6.

Studying his grammar by the fire-light of a log cabin when a boy, he addressed the Senate and people from the capital of a great nation.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARK.

18.—LINCOLN AS A HUMORIST.

Mr. LINCOLN is possibly the only ruler of earth who yielded to the seductive influence of story telling while wielding the scepter of power. He was not like some men who could not appreciate humor, and required a surgical operation to get a joke into their heads. In no sense was he vain of his superb equipment as a wit and story teller, and no man was readier than he to acknowledge the force of Shakespeare's famous lines:

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

His stories were told with a well-defined purpose—to cheer the drooping spirits of a friend; to lighten the weight of his own melancholy—a melancholy that was constitutional; to clinch an argument; to expose a fallacy, or disarm an antagonist. We have all met with people who in ordinary affairs seem rational enough, but as soon as they arise to address an assembly all reason and sense seems to desert them. Mr. LINCOLN was once opposed in a lawsuit by a lawyer who belonged in this category. It reminded him of a story. He once saw a steamboat which had an engine with a six-inch boiler and a nine-inch whistle. The steamboat moved along all right until it blew its whistle, then the locomotion ceased altogether.

It is related that a gentleman from a Northern city entered Mr. LINCOLN'S private office in the spring of 1862, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President. "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there's a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than 200,000 others passes to Richmond, and not one of them has yet gotten there!"

At a levee at the White House, during President LINCOLN'S term, the Russian Ambassador stood talking, to the President when the President asked him this question: "Would you have taken me for an American if you had met me anywhere else than in this country?"

"No," said the distinguished muscovite, who, like old ABE, was a bit of a wag, "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full attitude, "and a Liberty Pole at that."

Gen. Horace Porter, in his eulogy of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, said that the great war President wasn't much as a champagne drinker. The General recalled a visit of Mr. LINCOLN to City Point. On his arrival the General said that Mr. LINCOLN was suffering from the gastronomic disturbances incident to most folks who have sailed on rough water. "A young staff officer, very previous, he was," said the General, "grabbed a bottle of champagne and thrust it toward Mr. LINCOLN, saying that that was the very thing he needed. 'No, young man,' Mr. LINCOLN said, 'I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article.'"

One evening during the last week of his life, when extremely busy and weary as well, he was called to the reception room to see Mr. Speed, then Attorney General. He had called to introduce a friend, and seeing the weary look on the President's face, he began to apologize.

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Speed, "very sorry, Mr. President, to disturb you."

"Speed," he replied, "you remind me of a story of Henry Ward Beecher. One Sunday as he was going to preach, he saw some boys playing marbles in the street. He stopped and looked at them very hard. "Boys," he said, presently, "boys, I am scared at what I see."

"Then," replied one of the boys, "why the h—l don't you run away?"

Soon after Mr. LINCOLN went to Washington he attended the Foundry Church, occupying a seat within the altar while Bishop Simpson preached a missionary sermon. After the collection was taken at the close of the sermon, and as the congregation was about to be dismissed, an irrepressible brother rose and proposed to be one of a given number to raise $100 to make President LINCOLN a life director of the missionary society. The proposition was put, and Brothers A, B and C responded glibly. But the inevitable pause finally came. Part of the money was wanting. When the Bishop announced, "Who will take the balance?" the pause became slightly oppressive. Then the tall form of LINCOLN was seen to rise, a long bony arm was extended imploringly, and he said, "Bishop, this is the first time I have ever been placed upon the auction block. Please let me pay the balance myself, and take me down."

During the rebellion an Austrian count applied to President LINCOLN for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian Minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count; that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when LINCOLN, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that."

"Gentlemen," said ABRAHAM LINCOLN to a delegation of citizens who called at the White House to complain of the President's omissions and commissions, "suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river

on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath, as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the very best it can. Don't badger it. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

While Lincoln's humor was proverbial, nothing could be wider of the mark than to represent him as a mere "jester." His humor had ever a scintillating point.

19.—GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

20.—SONG—GOD BE WITH YOU.

WORDS BY J. E. RANKIN.

God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
In His arms securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

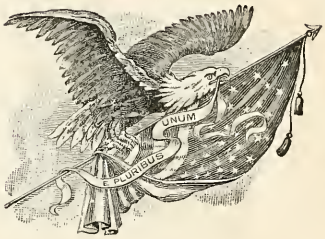
Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus, feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till meet again!

21.—BENEDICTION.



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